The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 18.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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"O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his biziness."

Hogg.

HERE followeth a theoretical treatise on this same enigmatical dizziness. Gaze fond lover into the mirror, gaze and see thyself; listen lovesick maiden to my words, listen and know thyself. Love is my theme, love "the torment of one, the felicity of two, the strife and envy of three," as Mr. Irving styles it, and Mr. Irving is old enough to know, and, moreover, Mr. Irving is a man of his word. But see those three great brain-racking, heart-rending words, torment, strife, envy, set against the one little word, felicity, and tell me, does it pay? Listen again as Cowley tells us of love:

"A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains the greatest pain
Is to love, but love in vain."

Pain, all pain, that is what they would tell us it all means, but I believe it is false. Is it pain that shines in the eyes of the lover as he pores over the tender words from the pen of his loved one? Is it pain that glows in the face of the maiden as she nibbles sweets from her five pound box of Huyler's? If so give me pain.

Whatever of unhappiness there may be connected with common every-day love, St. Valentine's love is all joy, all ecstacy, all perfection. The great-hearted saint takes all mankind, all womankind into his embrace; no age is slighted, no station is left out. The small boy of six tells the small girl of six that "so good he has grown, he loves other boy's sisters as well as his own," and the veteran lover of forty commands his lady to "drink to him only with her eyes." The lass of the silver spoon knows no more delight as she unfolds the message just discovered in the midst of a great mass of roses, than does her little maid down stairs, caressing the gorgeous satin sachet. If a woman has not a man to love, she loves a woman, but she loves not for the sake of woman, but for the sake of love.

Yet, beware of love: truly as Shakespeare tells us, it doth teach us to rhyme and to be melancholy; for who can conceive true poetry except in the silent watches of the night, and who can lie awake o' nights when owls do screech and bats do fly and mice do creep, and not grow melancholy? My first love found expression in poetry; shall I tell it to you?

Only an eyelash
Gently up-curving,
Shading an orb of heavenly hue;

Only an eyelash!
Yet much do I envy
The lash that guardeth thine eye so blue.

Truly that is a rhyme, and truly I grew melancholy over it.

That isn't the worst of love, though. Listen to

this voice: "To be wise, and love exceeds man's might," and this: "Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies." Is not that enough to make every sincere student, every thoughtful woman say "Fie! love, avaunt! out upon you!" But we say it not; we love, nor can we help it. Swedenborg says "Love is the life of man," and I have an idea it may have something to do with the happiness of woman too. Then welcome, St. Valentine, welcome! Smile kindly upon us, for we love thee; believe us not when we seem to scorn thee. Accept the gifts we bring to thine altar and grant every one her heart's desire.

Marian W. Perrin, '91.

Shall I tell you of my lover
Brave and true?
All his hidden charms discover
To your view?
Shall I tell you of his sweetness,
Of his rich and full completeness?
But I can't until I meet him,
Now could you?

Theodora Kyle, '91.

PERCEPTION IN THE PAST.

It is in the very latest future that a rare treasure has been unearthed in what was once the Museum Street of Alexandria—that street so familiar to us all, through Kingsley's vivid portrayal of those who trod it fifteen centuries ago. And it is with his tale the discovery is connected: for deep under the earth and the remains of centuries since, the diggers of Millenium Co. Sewer came upon a well preserved little chamber, closed on all sides, save for a circular opening in the ceiling; internal evidence, and a short section of pipe still attached to the hole, show this to be an outlet from a fifth century dust shaft. Many are the treasures which the once despised miscellany beneath has yielded to museums; but one—a Ms. descried near the bottom, between a petrified apple core dating from 410 A. D., and an obolus novel of that same summer—promised to surpass them all in value and interest. It was unique in form, the sheets of papyrus composing it being neither rolled nor folded, but lying flat on each other, held together by a small brass tack. A few words were written on the outer sheet, one of them so firmly and boldly traced that it could be deciphered from above: it was the Latin term, *condicio*, 25; also a beginning, thus: I am sitting at my table. And this, alas, was all that was ever read; for the moment the papers were touched, though most reverently, they crumbled to finest dust. The despair of the investigators was only assuaged by what was revealed underneath: a collection of smaller slips bound together and protected by a crocodile skin cover. This rare treasure is perfectly preserved, and its contents are now for the first time given to the world.

On the fly-leaf is deeply impressed the stamp of the firm, Liber and Tiber, Via Stationaria, Romae, and here is written, in the same hand as all the entries, the name, Junius Devius Roridus. Each page is headed by a date, and it hardly needs the perusal of the contents to assure us that we have before us a unique relic, a veritable fifth century diary. As it is written in colloquial Latin, and requires little explanation, we append it entire.

Alexandriae, III Id. Sept.

Arrived last night, and have been doing the city all day. Nice little place, but doesn't compare with the Hub. Better for my purpose, however, for in Rome I never could keep to the grind, as my poor old tutor could testify. Have registered myself already as a pupil of Hypatia in the mental and metaphysical course, where the calendar announces a positively new feature; and shall attend first lecture tomorrow.

Pridie Id.

Have decided to use this book, the gift of my sweet Julia, as a record of philosophical rather than private events. In truth I am somewhat afraid of finding myself in like case with my cousin, Marcus Duo, whose entire journal ran thus: Arose, laved, retired. No mortal shall ever read the diary for those three days I kept it up on shipboard; and as it would perhaps be better that my Julia should not investigate its future contents, I will inscribe the title above, Notes on Psychology.

For mere mechanical tabulation, however, of words as they fall from my instructor's lips, I have always felt a strong distaste; and I am confirmed in this

feeling by the words of Hypatia herself (what a mind that woman has!), who observed in her lecture to-day: "Realities known are not realities *per se*, but only through their relation to the constructive activity of intelligence; the mind grows by assimilating something from each experience; and attention cannot cease until all objects, events, and minor relations stand out clearly defined in a final unity, and are recognized as members of one whole,—the self." I shall not therefore hamper my free soul with frantic noting of her words, but shall devote myself to the appreciation and assimilation of ideas, jotting down only such stray thoughts and mechanical directions as may be useful to me, but not a part of my self.

IV Id, Oct.

The days glide past like a dream, or, as the poets have it, *tempus fugit:* it is now a month since I entered Hypatia's hall. Blissful have been the hours spent there, and profitable the thoughts engendered. I jotted these lines to-day as I listened to her soul stirring treatment of the Universal Mind:

> Thou art not thou,
> And I not I,
> Save as we know each other.
> Shall we not, then—
> The day—oh when?
> Oh say not, "Be my *Brother*."

I shall send a copy of these to Julia. She, dear girl, will not appreciate its full meaning, but it will please her, and perhaps console her for my long absence, and reconcile her to my philosophical studies, on which she looks with a bit of green in her eye.

VII Kalend. Nov.

Heigho! I am realizing in myself to an uncomfortable extent the conflict of feeling we study. Hypatia or Julia,—which shall it be? If I could only decide which represents the universal interest, of course, as a philosopher, I would cheerfully give up the particular.

I find no difficulty in anything presented to me, and am waiting impatiently for the new feature.

Kal. Nov.

Hypatia announced this morning her desire to have from each of her pupils a token of the workings of his individual and universal mind: she even hinted that the evidence of his possessing such an article should be the condition (why is it this word always makes, in the language of Vergil,

> "My chilly blood congeal within my ossibus,
> My speechless vox stick in my chattering faucibus?"

It is an interesting phenomenon, which I must mention to Hypatia,) of his continuing her pupil: "for," she nobly said, "the rank and wealth of you, my pupils, has been made a reproach to me. I desire to show the world that this is no Statio Nobilibus Atque Pecuniosis, but the eternal means whereby mind communicates with mind." At the same time she smiled so sweetly that her words seemed an invitation to a contest full of honor. I am really rejoiced at this opportunity, for there is always such a crowd about Hypatia, and as she does not receive callers I have not yet held that perfect Platonic communion with her which I could wish.

IV Non. Nov.

Truly this test of Hyptia's is needed. The boys are not at all unanimous on her meaning. One, a grovelling fellow, for whom I felt from the first day I sat beside him that pure, destructive feeling known as hatred (his name—a vulgar one—is Praticalis Usus), maintains that 'tis a mere device for raking in poetic puffs, to be utilized in next year's calendar. He further remarked with insufferable presumption that Hypatia deserved such if ever woman did, and he flattered himself he had as neat a trick of verse as any. Now I have marked Hypatia, and there is that about her which assures me she is not that kind. Her eye, which ever finds a sympathetic rejoinder in mine, informs me she is in dead earnest.

III Non. Nov.

She has explained more fully: she would have a description of our mental processes involved in the simple perception of any small article, as a tablet, stilus, ball &c. I own I am somewhat disappointed in the scope of her idea; I fear here is not stimulus enough to call forth all my energies. However, her bidding be done. The idiot I mentioned before still clings to his original idea (?); he has chosen as the object of what I suppose he calls his perception, Hypatia's fibula, and has already indited

three flaming stanzas to it. I, with sublime simplicity, have chosen my stilus.

XVII Kal. Dec.

I am greatly complexed. In a few hours I have composed what seems to me a comprehensive treatment, and still Hypatia speaks of the time it will occupy, and has fixed a day in—ye gods !—in Januaria for its completion.

XIV. Kal.

I mentioned my difficulty to Hypatia. She smiled most sweetly and said—I quote her very words and emphasis: "I should think it quite possible that *you*, my pupil, might complete this in few hours." Divine Hypatia !

XIII Kal.

Being so far advanced in my work, I spent the lecture hour to-day in writing to Julia, whom I have really neglected of late.

XVIII Kal. Jan.

BE SPECIFIC. DO NOT FOLD THE PAPER.

I took these directions down in the lecture hall to-day. Hypatia's tone in speaking them really gave me quite a shock. But I have recovered since. That fellow, P. Usus, feels himself greatly encouraged by them, and is laying on the specific with fulsome flattery.

V. Id. Jan.

Just returned from a delightful little three weeks trip up the Nile. Must really set about that specifying business.

XVIII Kal. Feb.

It's really non ire. Such mechanical detailing may be very well for the herd, but doesn't harmonize with my mind. I have handed it over to a slave, with instructions to be specific or die.

XI Kal.

The following bill came in this morning, charged to my account.

Papyrus. - - -	10	Lenarii
Ink. 2 gals. - - -	12	"
3 Inkhorns (smashed). -	16	"
Stili (chewed). - -	18	"

It's an outrageous swindle, and, though I paid it, I started out after that slave with blood in my eye. Found the others, however, picking up his corpse in the courtyard. It seems he went mad last night, and a too well-aimed cothurnus-Johannes brought him down while he was flying round the court shrieking for spatial position. Poor fellow ! he was faithful, for he had not altered my Mss. (which lay beside him) much ; just sprinkled in a few sensations and redintegrations and local signs.

V Kal. 2nd watch.

O bliss ! O brightness ! O buoyancy ! But be still, fond feeling, and give place to intellectual intellect. To-day, by the twelfth hour, was the time appointed for the deliverance of our theses. But I felt that stirring within me which could not be said in the presence of the throng. Accordingly I waited till they had all filed away from her door, and then presented myself and my paper. It was early in the first watch. She and her papa, who appears a sensible old chap, were just sitting down to tea. He invited me to 'light and fall to, and after a few 'cute inquiries about the state of stocks in Rome, took himself off. I was alone with Hypatia ! I don't know what I said, but in reply she murmured, oh so sweetly, something about abnormal feeling and fickleness and transference of emotion, (by some strange mistake that last letter to Julia got into the wrong box). I was up to the scratch, however, and replied promptly, "Our activities are due to the objects which come within the range of our experience, and hence the feelings excited necessarily cluster about these objects. There is increasing adaptation for emotion in a certain direction," gazing irresistibly at her. Also, "Feeling must take upon itself the form of liking or love." She would hear no more just then, but I left with hope rampant in my breast, and am awaiting a message from her without very much doubt as to what it will be.

III Kal.

It has come, with a vengeance. My paper was returned to me this morning with that fatal inscription, and the following billet-doux: "All failure to connect gives rise to pain ; but in spite of your presumptuous tardiness you should not perhaps have realized it so fully had not the stimulus I intended this paper to be to you proved relatively to your mental energies too powerful." This is the Hypatian and Platonic mitten ; and yet I cannot hate her ; she will ever be to me a sweet dream. But my Julia—and eke her father's spondulics—are solid realities. Therefore I go to con-

sign these black records to their own place, and myself to the wine-dark sea again. After all, there's no place like home, and reconciliation after conflict is the ticket. One comforting thought comes to my anguish-stricken heart even on these dreary shores—I saw the name of P. Usus on one of the rejected papers that grinning slave—condition catch him !—was distributing.

* * * * * * *

The record of this tragedy ceases here; but it is supplemented by the registry in Hymen's temple at Rome of the names of Junius Devius Roridus and one Julia; and by that which doubly entitles it to be called tragedy,—the clearly proven descent of a certain Professor at M-ch-g-n -n-v-rs-ty,—nn —rb-r, from the same couple.

THE SPRING-LOCKED SOULS.

(*Continued.*)

When Hugh arrived at his domicile he was cold and weary. You smile at the idea of a spirit's feeling cold or fatigue. Are you sure that your soul has never been chilled through and through, and weary unto death, and lonely as was Hugh's? For he was a sociable fellow, loving the companionship of his kind, and this state of solitary aloofness from human-kind, with a disappointment into the bargain, discouraged him. He felt, moreover, a vague sensation of impending evil. His presentment was more than realized when he returned to find his body gone. Gone ! Poor soul ! And he was alone, horribly alone, removed from all the cheerful, healthful, physical life of the world in which he so delighted.

His lonely spirit sought the company of men, even if he were unknown to them. Forth into the street then he drifted. With a thrill of dismay, and yet of joy, he—himself—saw his body walking among the world of men. He called softly to the spirit within in the soul language, and the figure raised its head. The soul shining from the eyes was Henry's and they knew each other. Hugh saw all the man's selfishness and treachery and pettiness of soul; saw, too, all the hopeless story in the look of sorrow and despair that flashed from the bright, brown eyes, *his* eyes, but not with *his* soul in them. He knew that from henceforth he was to be an alien to himself.

Longing to mingle with the busy world of sense in some way, to communicate with men, above all with his beloved Marian, he bethought him of Henry's discarded body. Once in this strange abode, he passed through the same experience as had Henry, but his soul was a more generous, hence a more malleable one, and so he accommodated himself more easily.

His first thought was to find some method out of this terrible dilemma. He read,and read,and read, all to no purpose. There was no remedy to be found in any work or Theosophy for such a predicament as this.

With a deep sigh he closed the books and began to think, to try to devise some new scheme of life. Marian ! the thought flashed across him like lightening. What could he do, what could he say? She might think he was mad, might shrink away from him with horror as from some monstrosity. Even if she did understand, as she surely would in the end, what if the love she had had for him as he was, should not remain for him now, while yet out of her love for him she should hold herself bound? It would be nothing but sorrow and perplexity for her. Must he lose her, the fair sweet girl, who was warp and woof of his life? No there was something better than that, a brave and nobler way. Had she not said that she would love him if he were lame, or blind, or hideous, just for himself; if it was himself, his soul, that she loved, why could he not win her anew? Why could she not love *him* in what was as much an outside garment as the coat in the corner? If he could not win her, at least her dear peace would not be disturbed by any monstrous thought.

"But I will win," said Hugh to himself, his young face set with the strength of his resolve. A glance in the mirror, however, at his puny form and sallow face, rather daunted his courage. Was it possible that there was a healthier flush on the cheek, a warmer glow of the eyes, a fuller manhood in all the figure? Hugh almost imagined that it was so.

III.

What an apparently hopeless task was Hugh's—to win the love of a girl who held herself bound to another, when he would not explain that that other was himself. The seeming treachery to a friend,

too, how could she forgive that? A hard task indeed, but Hugh was brave and young, and Marian had loved him utterly.

The struggle went on for months. They met often, and Hugh called whenever he could without exciting remark. Sometimes he met Henry with Marian, and then Hugh ground his teeth with rage at his helplessness,and in hatred of Henry's perfidy. For he could see that Henry, knowing as he did the relationship which had existed between Hugh and Marian, had, at first to keep up appearances, afterward from a growing fancy for Marian, taken his place. Marian, he observed, was a little surprised at the change in her lover, somewhat hurt at his coldness, for Henry could not feign Hugh's warm-heartedness. She looked at Henry sometimes in a quick, startled way; then she would turn away while a shade settled over her sweet face.

Little by little Hugh began to gain an ascendency over her. She began to wonder at herself and think she must be to blame. At such times she would turn again to Henry as if determined to find nothing lacking in him. Then again the undefined,magnetic attraction between her and the bodily part of Henry would assert itself, for such an attraction is purely physical and could well exist without the spirit.

Soon she became very unhappy; then Hugh knew his work was almost done, for it was because she was reproaching herself for not being true in heart to the one she had loved. His heart ached for her, but he knew that his course was for her happiness as well as his own, in the future. For mismated souls have but a sorry life together, however strong the attraction between youth and beauty has been. A blessed day it was for him when he learned that the dear girl, upright and honest as the day, had told Henry of her misgivings and perplexities, and the death of her love for him.

Henry, cold and phlegmatic though he was, loved her as much as his limited nature would allow, and so his dismissal was a real blow to him. His books consoled him, however; but he never meddled in Theosophy again.

Marian when Hugh told her of his great love for her, blushed with shame for her fickleness; faltered that she did not understand why it was, but that he seemed like the Hugh she had known, not the sadly changed Hugh that she knew; and surrendered, with great discretion, so Hugh thought.

Hugh never told her the strange story, but only that she must trust her own true instincts and him. Of course people called her fickle,and were surprised at her taste, and she herself wondered how it came about. Often Hugh found her looking at him, with a puzzled face, "It is so strange, that notion of mine that you are Hugh," she would say. And Hugh's rich voice would reply, "That is because you love *me* now, Sweetheart."

Marguerita Spalding.

A LOVE GAME.

At the close of a December day a tall muscular young fellow was fighting his way home from the office in the teeth of a genuine December storm. The wind tugged at his great coat and blew gusts of fine snow-flakes into his face. Occasionally it would give him a moment's respite, then, as if with renewed determination, would try to catch him unawares, and wrench his hat away. Quite out of breath, he was glad at last to struggle up the steps of his own home, and exchange the wild fury of the night for the quiet, cheery, glowing atmosphere within.

He went straight to his room to change his snow-flecked garments. As he opened the closet door, his last year's tennis array, hanging there before him, looked so comfortable that he suddenly longed to put it on. It was permeated with dear associations, for tennis was Arthur Wallace's pet delight in the summer. Why shouldn't he put it on? He was sure of an evening alone; there could be no possibility that any one would come out in such a storm. "And I'll surprise mother and that brother of mine," was the thought which finally decided him. What fun it would be to hear his mother say "Why, Arthur!" in gentle surprise, and to hear Joe's hearty laugh at his freak.

Smiling inwardly at himself,and humming a tune, he went down stairs to the sitting room. His "Hullo, mother!" at the door fell in upon the conversation of two ladies who were chatting together beside the fire. Miss Spinster, a rather severe looking, elderly lady looked over her spectacles with a quick, startled air at the tall, broad-

shouldered young man in the extremely becoming tennis suit, standing in the doorway. Deepening a trifle her habitual frown, she gazed at the unusual attire, from the broad-striped navy blue and white blazer and silk sash, to the low tennis shoes. She thought he had gone crazy.

Mrs. Wallace explained to Arthur that she had met Miss Spinster at a committee meeting of the Women's Board at the church, and thinking it a pity for her to struggle in the storm to her home in the suburbs had asked her to spend the night with them. Arthur was for an instant nonplussed at not finding his mother alone, but reflected that after all it did not matter much so long as it was only Miss Spinster. It was amusing to observe Miss Spinster's evident alarm lest he was out of his head. In explaining his appearance to the family he could give no reason for it, only that he had an irresistable impulse to put on those beloved tennis clothes. Joe had a hearty laugh and made the rest of the company enjoy the rare good joke. Miss Spinster seemed relieved to observe that Arthur presided at the meal not differently than as if he were dressed like an ordinary citizen. She had been distrustful lest he should do some outlandish thing any minute, as for instance, aim a tennis-ball at her own characteristic long nose. But as the evening advanced without the occurence of anything of the kind, and Arthur talked and acted as if he was really in his right mind, she began to be reassured and regained her usual severe dignity.

Soon after they had left the dining-room and were comfortably settled in the bright parlor, the door-bell rang, and a pretty young lady, dressed in a stylish cloth gown with a monkey cape and muff, was ushered in. Mrs. Wallace greeted her affectionately, Joe was very glad indeed to see Miss Alton, and Arthur—! Under ordinary circumstances Arthur would have been more than glad to see Ethel Alton, for, although she was very often present in his thoughts, he seldom had an opportunity of seeing her. She was away at school and vacation came only at long intervals, and even when vacation did come he had but a chance of seeing her, when she visited her friends there in New York, where she had once lived. Her home now was many miles away, but she passed through the city on her way to school. She told them how it was she had come to see them so unexpectedly and on such a night. Her train had been late, and she had missed connection with the express going from New York to her home. The prospect of a long wait in the lonely station had not been enticing, and in spite of the fearful storm she had taken a carriage, deciding that she would call upon her dear friend, Mrs. Wallace, to answer in person the kind letter she had lately received inviting her to spend a part of her vacation there. She regretted extremely that she should be unable to accept the invitation, but her previously-made arrangements could not easily be changed. However she should all the more enjoy seeing them now, although the long ride had consumed so much time that her stay must necessarily be short.

Before she went away she had a little talk with Arthur, who was inwardly cursing the evil genius that prompted him to an act which now seemed to him ridiculous. He felt angry when he reflected that, even were it possible, he had no plausible excuse or explanation to offer. He was sure Miss Alton must think him an idiot, and regardless of the fitness of things. But he became totally disgusted with himself as it flashed across his mind that he would not be able to see her to her train, but must be pinned to the house like a helpless invalid. He could not be excused to change his dress, for Joe was ready to be at Miss Alton's service, and there was no reason why he should go rather than Joe. But these thoughts reminded him forcibly how short was the time he should see her, and he soon forgot everything else in making the best of his small opportunity.

Meanwhile Ethel Alton was thoroughly enjoying the novelty of the situation. It is true that at first she had wondered a moment why he should be so dressed, but it mattered little, and she only thought that he looked very handsome. To her his costume was effective in intensifying the brightness and glow of the room, which made a more vivid impression upon her because of her long, cold ride beforehand. As they sat talking together she appreciated the picture they made. It was as if winter had strayed into summer's domains; the dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, whose gloved hand was buried in the mass of black fur

she had put down upon the sofa beside her, was a charming contrast to the young Saxon, with clear, blue eyes and light curling hair, seated in the willow rocking-chair beside her. Too soon for both was the téte-a-téte ended. Joe was in high glee at the prospect of seeing Miss Alton to the station, not only because he thought her a very pleasant young lady, but also because his mischievous spirit delighted in Arthur's unfortunate situation. Arthur frowned at his twinkling eyes, while Miss Alton was saying "Good-bye" to them all. When she and Joe reached the gate, both looked back for a moment at the tall, handsome, young fellow in the light tennis suit, standing in the doorway in the rose-colored light of the hall lamp, and fast being powdered with snow.

As they turned away, Joe said, "Well, if he doesn't look queer in tennis togs on such a night as this."

"I think they are very becoming," replied Miss Alton.

Emily Meader, '91.

FOREIGN LETTER.

Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Jan. 1, 1890.

A Happy New Year to you, dear PRELUDE, and to your many readers. May their shadow never grow less. I can wish them no more pleasant place in which to spend their holidays, unless it be in their own home circle, than this warm spot by the sea, where, if anywhere in the United Kingdom, there is sunshine. We are resting here for a fortnight, taking long walks of eight and ten miles over hill and dale and moor and by the shores, and are demonstrating to the English people who are our companions that some American women can walk.

This is only a part of our vacation; the first ten days we spent among the beautiful cathedrals of Worcester, Gloucester, Wells, Exeter, Salisbury and Winchester, and we found that each had a special and irresistable charm of its own. While in Worcester, we visited the Royal Porcelain Works and saw the whole process of the manufacture of that exquisite ware and we wondered no more at its costliness. We stopped too at Bath to see the extensive Roman, and numerous modern baths from which the place takes its name, and in Glastonbury, in whose abbey, once the richest in England, but now in ruins, King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, it is said, were buried. We had a perfect day. The sky was a deep, clear blue, such as one seldom sees in this fog-enveloped land, the sunshine warm and bright, the grass still green, though it was December, while the beautiful ivy, running riot every where, made one forget the leafless trees,and the air was filled with the sweet tones of robins and thrushes. Even in midwinter we had a glimpse of the delights of

"The island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly: but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows, crowned with summer seas."

One most unique experience, however, was at Sherborne, in Dorset, where we were interested spectators at the closing exercises of the term at a large English public school. Those of you who are familiar with that delightful book, "Tom Brown's Schooldays," know that an English public school is not at all what we understand by that term, but rather a large boarding school, whose tuition is free only to those who gain scholarships. At Sherborne, which was founded by Edward the Sixth, there are about three hundred boys from eleven to eighteen years of age. These share the pleasant chapel and the somewhat bare school-room, or hall, for public exercises, but for work they are divided into forms, each having its own room and its own master, who teaches the more important subjects and exercises a general supervision over the other studies. The boys do not all room under one roof, but are scattered among several houses, of which the largest is the school house. That term always puzzled me in Tom Brown, but I find it means the house in the school grounds attached to the Head Master's private dwelling, and under his especial care. Each of the other houses has a house master, who lives with his family in what seems, as we approach it from the front, an ordinary English residence, square and with the door in the middle, but as we enter, we see at the farther end of the hall another door, which leads into a long wing containing the servants' rooms and the dining-room, studies and dormitories of the twenty or more boys. *A. S. Montague, '79.*

(To be continued.)

A TRIOLET TO THE NEW MOON.

A silver shell that floats alone
Upon a calm blue sea;
A silent sail through parts unknown.
A silver shell that floats alone,
A happy, dim light of its own,
Touched with mystery.
A silver shell that floats alone
Upon a calm, blue sea.

G. I. P., '92.

THE WEEK.

DR. Arthur Little, of Dorchester, preached on Sunday, Feb. 9. His text was Arabic Tim. 4 ; 8 : "But godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

* * *

THE regular meeting of the Art Society was held Saturday evening, Feb. 8. The subject under discussion was the Art of Lace-making, the so-called "poetry of manual work." Miss Tyler, in an interesting paper showed first the many ways in which "the web of exquisite design with no back-ground save the pure daylight is created from an insignificant thread a mere nothing." Three classes of laces were made, first, needle made or point, second, cushion-made or bobbin, third, machine wrought; sometimes the three methods are combined and form a class called application lace. The first mention in history of lace-making is that of Venice. The art spread from Venice to Burano, and then appeared in France. Flanders, Brussels, Mechlin offer many examples of French skill. Irish lace received special mention in an interesting paper read by Miss Alexander. After this discussion the laces in our Jarvis collection acquire new interest for us.

* * *

ON Saturday evening, Feb. 8, Gymnasium Hall opened its doors for the second time to the Class of '92. The brightly-lighted room with its rugs; screens, easels and draperies, offered no suggestions of the severities of military drill, but greeted the guests with an air of cheerful hospitality which they did not fail to appreciate. With chatting and dancing the minutes slipped away, until a whisper that the evening's entertainment was about to begin called the members of the class to seats in the middle of the hall. The appearance of Misses McAlarney, Dransfield, Pullen and Stone before the piano was welcomed by a flutter of white handkerchiefs. The first musical selection was the waltz song "Morning is Nigh." This was followed by Howells' latest farce "The Albany Depot." The curtains were drawn back to disclose a small but well-equipped portion of the Boston and Albany station, just as two Wellesley girls entered deploring the loss of a train and with it an hour of excellent skating. The narration of several college adventures was brought to a close by the entrance of Mrs. Roberts, inquiring for her husband; and the audience at once forgot Wellesley in following the mirth-provoking dilemmas of the characters of the play. The parts were very brightly and cleverly rendered by the following caste :

Mr. Roberts,	Candace Stimson.
Mr. Campbell.	Gertrude Spalding.
Mrs. Roberts,	Virginia Dodge.
Mrs. Campbell.	Mary W. Bates.
Mr. McIlheny,	Anna R. Wilkinson.
Mrs. McIlheny,	Katharine Elliott.
Colored Man,	Margaret Hardon.
Cook, Chore woman,	Helen Cook.

People coming and going.

The evening was brought to its close with music and dancing, at an hour which gave all who had enjoyed it ample time for meditation before the deep-mouthed bell proclaimed the arrival of the hour for sleep.

* * *

PROFESSOR J. H. Wright of Harvard, gave the fifth lecture of the Greek course Saturday Feb, 8, on the subject of Greek orators and historians. Between the dates 430 and 330 B. C. is found nearly all that is brilliant in oratory and writing. The standards of literary excellence that had been aroused and the delicacy and keenness of taste that had been fostered by the epic and lyric poetry preceding had greatly aided Greek prose, and now all the rays from the various centers of learning were focused at Athens, the metropolis of the world. Public speaking was cultivated as a fine art and oratorical prose exerted a vital influence on all Attic prose. Among the ten great Attic orators the most important in sequence of time were Lysias, Isocrates, Isaeus and Demosthenes. Lysias was plain, direct, pure and simple in style, the Wendell Phillips of Athens and the best canon of Attic speech. Isocrates was a teacher of cultivated speech and literary prose. Unlike the other orators his discourses were to be read rather than spoken. His style is marked by flowing, elaborate periods and great finish of detail. His principles were adopted by Cicero upon whom modern oratory is more or less directly based. It is interesting to note that sections 43 to 51 of his Panegyricus are considered by a German author the best of Grecian literature. Isaeus was the first legal orator. Demosthenes, fired by the reality of a struggling fatherland was the greatest orator of all time. He wrote not for an age but for posterity, combining the skill of an artist, the wisdom of a statesman and the ardor of a patriot. His command of the most perfect language in the world was delicate and masterful, constituting him the greatest master of Greek prose. Herodotus, an Ionian, was the first historian. He was neither profound nor philosophic; trifles were sufficient to explain great results; the bright story-teller was never lost in the painstaking historian. His aim was to make true and faithful records but he was himself deceived by his childlike credulity. His ruling thought was that God ever brings down the proud, and his object to show that mighty deeds never pass into oblivion. His charm lies

in his simplicity of style and his vivid word pictures. Thucydides brought a new epoch. He was the first critical historian and the first great writer of Attic prose. That the future might profit from the past he wrote his history of Peloponnesian war, a history of his own time, in a calm, unpartisan spirit, with a clear vision, ripe experience, great dramatic power and philosophic insight. He possessed the art of drawing great pictures with a few strokes of his pen. His style is somewhat involved and obscure and lacks purity of finish, but the dignity and nobility of his thoughts have greatly influenced succeeding ages. His history has been called a history of our common humanity. Xenophon, the romancer and writer of memoirs, was the last of classic historians whose works are extant.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, Feb. 8, Rev. Samuel W. Dyke lectured to those interested in Political Economy. His subject was "Creative Social Forces in the Village Community." The object of the lecture was to quicken interest in the framework of society, for the study of social problems is not fruitful without a knowledge of the social structure behind them. By means of diagrams the lecturer enunciated the four chief classes of institutions to be found in the typical village. Religious institutions form the first and fundamental class. The churches, the homes and the highways connecting them may be compared to the human anatomy, in which the churches are the lungs, where inspiration and power are gained, the highways the veins, the homes the tissue,and the individual the living cells. When the distribution of effort between the church and the home is not properly adjusted, religious congestion is the result. The second class consists of the educational institutions, which, carrying out the anatomical figure may be likened to the nerve centres. The economic or industrial institutions—the village store, and the various manufactories,—make up the nutritive system in the social body. The town hall symbolizes the fourth class of institutions—the political or governmental. These classes cannot be separated in actual life; they touch each other on every side. It is interesting to trace the development of this community. If we imagine the houses all compacted together, the whole group surrounded by tillage land, common pasture, and forest, all used by the village in common, or allotted annually, we shall gain an idea of the village community of our ancestors of two thousand years ago. The inhabitants of these primitive communities were bound together in different ways. The earliest form was the patriarchal, and next came the community united by ties of real or assumed kinship. Finally the economic bond is the only one remaining. In our own day the South shows the development from the ancient to the modern village, which is the former opened up and expanded. The problems which history has shown to exist in the different stages of growth of the village of old time form the basis of the social questions of to-day. The problem of society is to bring the individual under the proportionate influence of each institution. The chief fallacy in "Looking Backward" is due to the fact that the author does not recognize the play and interplay of the various institutional forces in the building up of society.

* * *

On Monday evening, Feb. 10, the first students' recital of the year was given. Though indeed long, it was not tiresome, as the first glance at the programme might seem to indicate. The instrumental part was unusually good, both in expression and execution, and the voices showed flexibility and clearness. The violin solos were also well rendered. The programme was as follows:

ESCHMANN . . . Praeludium, Op. 64.
MISS MABEL J. STONE.

SCHUBERT . . . Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142.
MISS BETTIE KEITH.

HANDEL . . . . "So shall the Lute and Harp."
MISS E. L. SHELDON.

RAFF . . . . . La Fileuse.
MISS MARION MITCHELL.

COWEN . . . . Snowflakes.
MISS SARAH H. GROFF.

SCHUMANN . . . Violin Solo, "Traumerai."
MISS EMILY STEWART.

BEETHOVEN . . . Sonata in D minor, Op. 31. First movement.
MISS FLORENCE E. SOULE.

JOHNS . . . . . Five Songs (Wanderlieder)
MISS E. S. PLEASANTS.

CHOPIN . . . . . Variations (Ludovic), Op. 12.
MISS E. B. BERGEN.

RHEINBERGER . . Scherzo from Sonata, Op. 135.
MISS MABEL HALL.

BELLINI . . . . . Cavatina from Sonnambula. "Tutto e gioja."
MISS CARRIE G. FROST.

LEONARD . . . . Andante from Fifth Concerto.
MISS ROBERTA ALLEN.

RUBINSTEIN . . . Kammenoi Ostrow, Op. 10, No. 22.

CHOPIN . . . . . Polonaise in C sharp minor, Op. 26.
MISS AUGUSTA WHITNEY.

ABT . . . . . "I am the Merry Postillion."
MISS CORNELIA ROSA.

GODARD . . . . Le Voyageur.
MISS E. B. MAROT.

CHOPIN . . . . . Two Etudes, Op. 10, Nos. 3 and 4.
MISS EDITH JAMES.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

At the annual meeting of the New York Branch of the A. C. A., Miss Clara B. Potwin, '84, was elected treasurer.

Miss Mary T. Blauvelt, '89, has returned to Wellesley and will teach for the remainder of the year at the Phillips School in the village.

Mrs. Martha Giltner Crowell, '84, has returned to Oregon after an extended journey through the east with her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Crowell will make their home at Portland, Oregon.

Miss Clara White, student at Wellesley, '81-'83, is teaching at Minneapolis, Minn., in the Bennett Institute, of which Mrs. Thompson, formerly Secretary of the College is principal.

Miss Alice Broadwell, student at Wellesley, '79-'81, holds the position of lady principal at the Hanna Los Angeles College, Los Angeles, Cal. This institution was established five years ago by the Rev. D. W. Hanna and has about three hundred students.

The address at the February meeting of the Dana Hall Missionary Society was given by Miss Laura Jones, '82, who spoke with earnest enthusiasm of the city missionary work in New York City, to which she has devoted herself since graduation. Miss Jones has lately returned to the College where she is taking advanced courses in Botany.

Mention has already been made in "Auld Acquaintance" of Miss Anna Viola La Rose, '84, who is Superintendent of Public Schools at Logansport, Ind. Miss La Rose holds daily office-hours and the general care of six school buildings with the supervision of thirty-six teachers makes needful a round of forty visits a week, without allowance for the additional ones caused by emergencies or the discipline of refractory children. With these regular duties, the necessary writing which her position involves, home cares and social demands unite to make her life unusually busy. Miss La Rose's friends will remember that, after two year's work in Utah, she taught in the High School at Logansport and entered upon her present work in September.

MARRIED.

Vincent – Palmer. — In St. Stephen's Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 8, Mary Louise Palmer, '86, to George Edgar Vincent.

Eakin–Morgan.—At Elgin, Ill., Jan. 1, 1890, Jessie Ellen Morgan, '89, to John Alexander Eakin. At home at Brodhead, Wis.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Miss Scudder talked to the Sophomores on the College Settlement, Sunday evening, Feb. 9.

Miss Goddard and Miss Gage, former members of '90, have been visiting the College. Miss Tyler, '83, who has lately returned from South Africa, spent last Sunday in Wellesley.

"The Unity of Nature," a book written by the Duke of Argyle has been given to the library by Miss Harriet Gray. The book connects laws governing the unity of Nature with laws of religion and promises to be an interesting study.

It is generally felt that there is in the Prelude a lack of personals—items of interest about our College friends. If anyone becomes the possessor of any such news, which would contribute to the information and entertainment of the general public, and would send it verbally or otherwise to Miss Kyle, the lack might be remedied.

Last Saturday evening, Miss Paul was, under false pretences, inveigled from her room, to find awaiting her in No. 75, the familiar faces of her Washington friends. The first part of the evening was spent in telling ghost stories, and in listening to a most thrilling tale, the adjectives of which were supplied at random by those present. The party then adjourned to Miss Paul's room, where refreshments were served. Finally, after a very pleasant evening, the company separated, wishing Miss Paul many happy returns of the day.

On Monday afternoon, Feb. 10, Wood Cottage gave a most cordial house-warming to the Trustees, Faculty and a few friends of the College. While Miss Shafer, Mrs. Durant and Mrs. Hurd were receiving in the parlors, the ushers took the guests through the rooms which were thrown open all over the house. The exercises proper consisted of a prayer of earnest dedication and thanksgiving by Dr. Clark, and the lighting of the open fires in the parlor and dining-room by Miss Shafer and Mrs. Durant. Refreshments were then served, and no prettier place could be found than the new dining-room with its brilliant fire and tables set in old Roman style making three sides of a hollow square. Seven o'clock called the guests away to the concert, but all felt that the cosy, happy home of the "Wood girls" was warmed for many years to come by the fires and thoughts that had been kindled that afternoon in spite of the wintry storm.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

EX-PRESIDENT Hayes has been giving a series of lectures at Oberlin, on political economy.

BROWN University recently received a bequest of $10,000 for the purchase of books on American history.

SWATHMORE College has abolished the preparatory department, but has a class lower than Freshmen, known as sub-collegiate.

STUDENTS at Yale are ranked on a scale of 4. The highest mark ever given a student, 3.73, was received by the Valedictorian of the class of '68.

FORTY students of Amherst have formed an anti cribbing society for the purpose of abolishing all manner of ponying and cribbing at Amherst.

CORNELL is to have the finest college library building in the country. Besides a seating capacity for one thousand people there will be room for 400 000 volumes.

IT has been hinted that the reason so many of the colleges are throwing open their doors to women is that, in this age of foot-ball, base-ball and general athletics, somebody is needed for the faculty to teach. *Ex.*

THE Madisonensis for January 18, was issued "In Memoriam Magistre." Dr. Dodge, president of Madison University received his call home January 5. He lived a noble Christian life, and was loved and honored by every student in the University. His loss is sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

AN article on the women attending the University of Michigan appeared in the *Detroit Evening News* in which President Angell is credited with saying: "They do not fall below the young men in scholarship in any department; they do not break down in health any oftener; there is no reason from any point of view, moral, intellectual or physical, of regretting that they have been admitted."—*Ex.*

THE Harvard catalogue for 1890 has been issued, and shows an enrollment of 1271 students in the College. The expenses are,—

LOW.	MODERATE.	LIBERAL.	VERY LIBERAL.
$372.	$472.	$622.	$1010.

The scholarships which may be assigned to undergraduates number 125, and yield in the aggregate $29.590. The annual income of the scholarships varies from $90 to $300, the average amount being $25.00.

OUR OUTLOOK.

Extracts from an address of Hon. John D. Long.

Somebody says women ought to stay at home. Then men ought to stay at their work. Some say women wouldn't vote if they were enabled to. More than half the men don't vote, although they have the right. Some say women would be misled and unduly influenced. Men are already misled and unduly influenced. Some say women cannot fight. I don't think that is of much consequence, but they can. Somebody says they wouldn't take interest in public questions. They would, although a great many men do not. Somebody says it would make trouble in families. It doesn't make much trouble in the family because men vote. It wouldn't make any more trouble in the family than it does to permit women to attend political meetings as they do now. It would add no more interest or excitement. On the contrary, I think it would be a very comfortable ventilation and outlet for some surcharged feelings which might find expression in that way.

Woman suffrage is not any longer an experiment. The age and time and hour of experiment has been found successful. It has been tried in Wyoming, in your Western States; municipal suffrage has been tried in England, in every province of Canada excepting Quebec, and everywhere a success. If women are not fitted for the exercise of this right of suffrage, won't somebody tell me how it happens that wherever hitherto you have emancipated woman, wherever you have given her a chance for participation in work which was formerly exclusively limited to males, it has every time been a success, and there never has been a step backward? Time was when women were not allowed to have property in their own right. Now they are. Has it been a failure or a success? Does anybody want to go back to the old system? Not at all. Time was when you found no woman upon a school committee. To-day women serve upon school committees. Does anybody want to change? Has it been a mistake? Formerly no woman was allowed in any learned profession. To-day she is in them all. Has she failed or succeeded? Has it been found that she was naturally incapable of discharging the duties of the learned professions? Not at all. She has been a success. Formerly there were no women in active business. To-day we find women in active business. Some years ago nobody would have thought of appointing women upon our great charitable boards. Of late they are half made up of women. Does anybody think of changing or going back? Tell me, tell me how it happens, if women are disqualified to cast a ballot, that in every other possible line of human advancement, human achievement, human work, we find them enlarging their sphere constantly and with perfect success, the experiment showing they were thoroughly and perfectly adapted to any new opportunity we gave them, to any new work we put into their hands.

TWO BLUES.

I.

A blue of a thousand summer skies
All melted into one,
In a perfect day in June,
Ending, like a song that's o'er too soon,
In lingering, tender, happy sighs,—
The blue I love,—
The smiling blue of my darling's eyes.

II.

A blue as of the sad, sombre, trailing
Garment of the mist,
By daylight kissed,
As on the loving breast
Of sad nurse Twilight sweet Daylight dies.
The blue of starless skies,—
The *remembered* blue of my darling's eyes.

WABAN RIPPLES.

TEACHER: What proof have we that Jéroboam was fatherless when he became king of Israel?

PUPIL: Well, *first* we find a reference at a previous date to his mother, the widow of Nebat, and *second*—

TEACHER: I think that evidence is conclusive.

AT A GLEE CLUB REHEARSAL.

MEMBER: We ought to have a Medley.

LEADER: Miss — is going to arrange us one.

MEMBER: What *tune* will we sing it to?

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

INTERESTED FRIEND: What part of the work will your new associate take?

FRENCH PROFESSOR: Oh, he will lecture for ze most part, but he will squeeze (*quize*) ze girls a leetle.

INSTRUCTOR: What element that we find in all the representations by the old masters of the Nativity is lacking in these poems?

INTERESTED SENIOR: Joseph.

EXPERIENCE OF A WELLESLEY TEACHER IN A MISSION SCHOOL.

"THE apostles, then, were fishers of men. Now can any of you tell me what men we have nowadays to do their work?"

JOHNNY, (who has had experience): *Perlicermen*.

SCENE, Bible Class:

SUBJECT UNDER DISCUSSION, Paul's Missionary Journeys:

INSTRUCTOR: And did the Jews take offence?

PUPIL: Why, they took Sosthenes.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The February Century concludes the history of Lincoln by John C. Nicolay and John Hay, which has been for the last three years an interesting feature of this periodical. The last number treats of the "Capture of Jefferson Davis," the "End of the Rebellion," and "Lincoln's Fame,' and is of more than usual interest. There are supplementary articles on the Capture of Jefferson Davis, by James Harrison Wilson, the commander of the Union cavalry, and by "an eye witness." Wm. P. Stedman.—Francis Newton Thorpe in revising the new constitutions of Washington and Montana criticises them as "a legislative code rather than a body of fundamental laws."—Theodore Roosevelt in an able article defends Civil Service Reform.—In the third article on "The Nature and Method of Revelation," George P. Fisher shows how the differentiating of Christianity from Judaism was a natural outgrowth of the teachings of Christ.—"A Side Light on Greek Art" treats of some of the wonderfully beautiful terra-cottas which have recently been discovered and which form a connecting link hitherto missing in Greek Art.—But perhaps of greatest interest is a vivid picture of Edwin Forrest in the autobiography of Joseph Jefferson, and "Emerson's Talks with a College Boy," in which Charles J. Woodbury has given many unique and characteristic bits of wisdom from the lips of the great Concord philosopher.

The North American Review for February. This month the Gladstone-Blaine controversy is continued by Hon. Roger Q. Mills.—Gail Hamilton has a very interesting article on "The Pope and Italy."—Newspapers Here and Abroad" presentation of the power and evil effects of the newspapers of to-day. How to convert the newspaper into "a better channel of communication to the masses of the best thought and most accurate knowledge of the time, is perhaps the most serious problem that the coming century will have to solve."—Ouida offers "A New View of Shelley." "In no other country than England would it be possible to find writers and readers so utterly incapable of realizing what manner of nature and of mind his was that they can presume to measure both by their foot-rule of custom, and try to press both into their small pint-pot of conventional morality. What can his conduct, within the bonds of marriage or without them, matter to a world which he has blessed and enriched? What can his personal sorrows or failings be to a people who should only rejoice to hearken to his melodious voice? And yet, in the same article Ouida states with charming inconsistency "above all else the poet should be true to himself." Ouida's professed willingness to "give the lives of a hundred thousand ordinary women" for a single hour of the poets happiness, betrays too great inhumanity.—The writer of "British Capital and American Industries" believes that "nothing will contribute more to the harmony between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations than the mutuality of interests which is certain to be created by the investment of British capital in American Industries."—The "Final Words on Divorce" are written by Margaret Lee and Rev. Philip S. Moxom.—Other articles are "Electric Lighting and Public Safety" by Sir William Thomsom, "The Doctrine of State Rights" by Jefferson Davis, and "The American Bishop of To-day" by Rev. Julius H. Ward.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The New Arithmetic. By 300 Authors. Edited by Seymore Eaton, with preface by T. H. Safford. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. It is a comparatively easy thing to teach or learn pure arithmetic. Not one in ten of the children who "can't learn arithmetic" find their difficulty here. The stumbling place for teacher and pupil is in the analysis and comprehension of practical examples. Often the child who goes smoothly through an example involving only one set of conditions and one operation is lost if he be required to separate an example into two simple ones. Applied arithmetic requires language power, and this depends on close attention and quick imagination. It is in these qualities and in the language power that results, that "stupid in arithmetic" children are almost invariably deficient, to the development of these qualities the *New Arithmetic* is practically adapted. *Walton's Manual* may furnish more drill exercises in pure arithmetic: *Wentworth's Manual*, as good simple examples in applications: *Greenleaf's Arithmetic* has the same careful treatment of analysis: *Franklin's*, *Bradbury's*, and *Eaton's* contain groups of examples that require as much or more thought power for their solution; but the *New Arithmetic* excels them all in requiring constantly from the outset, a careful reading of its practical examples, and a vivid and accurate realization of conditions and relations involved in each.

"It requires good careful teaching" It is rather a book for the higher classes, especially in those schools where pupils are prepared for business, than for primary schools or classes." So says the helpful preface: but a child of average ability might fairly master "Colburn's" and the first four departments of *The New Arithmetic* in the first four years of a grammar school course. Then if he should have, in the fifth year, an elementary course in literal arithmetic and simple equations, giving his last year to completing *The New Arithmetic*, he would be better equipped in knowledge and mental power, for either business or the high school, than the majority of pupils are when they leave the grammar school.

A Primer of French Literature. By F. M Warren, Ph. D., Associate in Modern Langnages in Johns Hopkins University. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Mr. Warren has collected the most valuable facts of French Literature and presented them to us in his "Primer" in a very concise and methodical manner. The subject is divided into six parts, each part being a natural epoch in French Literature. The principal events and prevailing characteristics are clearly and definitely stated and the works of the most important writers given. The concise criticisms of the best authors are valuable on account of the ability, which they show, to discern errors of thought and literary composition as well as to appreciate lofty ideas and beautiful language. The contents of the book are made easily accessible by the excellent outline headings at the beginning of the chapters and by the index of proper names at the end of the book. The book would serve better as a reference book for students and teachers of Literature than as a text-book, for the reason that it contains facts, carefully selected and given on the best authority, but simply facts. As one of the very few works written in English on the whole subject of French Literature, Mr. Warren's Primer recommends itself to us not only as a standard work on the subject but as one easy of access and full of valuable information.

Seven Great Authors of the Nineteenth Century, An Introduction to Nineteenth Century Literature. By Alcée Fortier, Professor of French Language and Literature in Tulane University of Louisana. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. The aim of this little book is as the author himself states "not to make a psychological study of the great authors, but to give in concise form a great many facts not to be found in the text-books on French Literature." The book is a collection of seven lectures delivered at Tulane University in 1887 and 1888, published now for the first time, and fulfils admirably the purpose of the author. Seven great writers have been chosen, Lamartine, Hugo and De Musset as representing the greatest poets of the century, Gautier, Coppee, De Vigny the most forcible prose writers, and Merimee for the beauty of his style, and not only a great many interesting facts are given about their lives, but also a "literary analysis" of some of their masterpieces, which gives in concise form, a clear idea of the trend and character of their works. The author has put his thoughts in simple and easy French, so that the book can be enjoyed by beginners in the study of that language. Altogether the book is an agreeable diversion from the usual French text-book of common-place facts and is a welcome assistant to the student who is beginning the study of modern French literature.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Pronunciation of Latin in the Augustan Period. Cambridge Philogical Society.

Sound and Inflection in Greek and Latin. By John E. King and Christopher Cookson.

Contributions to Latin Lexicography. By Henry Nettleship.

Public School Latin Grammar. By Benjamin Hall Kennedy.

Roman Provincial Administration. By W. T. Arnold.

Roman Literature in Relation to Roman Art. By Robert Burn.

De Rerum Natura, libri 6. Titus Lucretius Carus Translated by Munro.

Tristium, libri 5. Publius Ovidius Naso. Edited by Owen.

Captivi. Titus Maccius Plautus. Notes by Lindsay.

Aeneid. Publius Virgilius Maro. Translated into English Verse by Conington.

Life and Letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero. New Translation of Watson's Selection by Jeans.

Satyrae. Decimus Junius Juvenalis.

Saturae. Decimus Junius Juvenalis. Edited by Pearson and Strong.

Complete Concordance to the Odyssey and Hymns of Homer. By Henry Dunbar.

Political Economy and the Moral State of Society. By Thomas Chalmers